

UNION FLAG.

VOLUME I.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1865.

NUMBER 26.

J. H. FESSENDEN & CO.

"Old King Corner", Opposite Lamar House.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

OFFER, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, DRY GOODS, embracing all the latest and most fashionable styles; also a full line of Gentlemen's wear. HATS, SHOES AND BOOTS, of all kinds and prices. HARDWARE, TINWARE, QUEENWARE, DYES, PAINTS, &c.

In the Grocery line we have several hundred Sacks of COFFEE, and 20 or 30 bbls. of SUGAR.

In short our Stock is large, and bought with particular reference to the wants of the people of East Tennessee, as we are satisfied with.

SMALL PROFITS.
We invite an examination of Goods and Prices from all who visit Knoxville.

Oct 1865

EATING HOUSE AND STORE.

PETER H. GRISHAM & Co.,

GAY STREET—

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Oct 2-3m

DR. C. WHEELER,

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE in John B. McLean's Law Office,

MAIN STREET.

JONESBORO', TENN.

Oct 1865

J. TATE EARNST, M. D.

Having located in Jonesboro', offers his

Professional Services,

To the Citizens and those of the Surrounding Country

OFFICE,

On Main Street, under Keen's Pho-

graph Gallery, between the Stores of

S. Guggenheim and Lynn & Fain.

Oct 1865

WM. M. GRISHAM,

Attorney at Law,

Jonesboro', Tenn.

WILL ATTEND TO THE COLLECTION

OF CLAIMS FOR CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS,

their relatives and friends.

OFFICE in Court House. [Sept 29y1]

A. J. BROWN,

Attorney at Law,

AND

Collecting Agent,

JONESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COUNTIES

of Hawkins, Greene, Washington,

Carter, Jefferson, Johnson, and Sullivan;

also, in the Supreme and Federal Courts at

Knoxville. [June 2-ly.]

FELIX A. REEVE,

Attorney and Solicitor,

GREENEVILLE, TENN.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE STATE COURTS

in the Counties of Greene, Washington, and

Coke, and in the Federal and Supreme

Courts at Knoxville. [June 30-ly.]

DR. M. S. MAHONEY,

Physician and Surgeon,

Cherry Grove,

TENNESSEE. [May 19-ly]

JACOB M. ELLIS, M. D.

OFFICE at Residence of H. D. Hale, Esq.,

Buffalo Ridge, Washington Co.

TENNESSEE. [Sep 29y1]

WM. BOOND,

GROCER, PROVISION DEALER,

And Commission Merchant,

Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

May 26-6m

A. W. HOWARD,

H. P. BUTLER,

HOWARD & BUTLER,

Attorneys and Counsellors

AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE Circuit and Chan-

cery Courts of Greene, Washington,

Sullivan, Hawkins, Jefferson, Sevier and

Cock Counties and Supreme Court at Knoxville.

Office near W. Dowell, McLaughlin & Co's.

Old Stand, Main Street.

GREENEVILLE, TENN.

Oct. 27 ly.*

JOHN O'NEILL,

Late Captain 17th U. S. C. I.,

Tenn. Cav.

O'NEILL AND HALL,

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE UP STAIRS.

THE UNION FLAG.

Jonesborough, November 10, 1865.

G. E. GRISHAM,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms.

The Union Flag will be published

every Friday Morning, on the following

terms:

One copy, per year, \$3 00

Six months, 2 00

Single copy, 10 cents.

No attention will be paid to orders for the

paper, unless accompanied by the Cash.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged \$1 50

per square, (ten lines or less,) for the first

insertion, and 75 cents for each continuance.

A liberal deduction will be made to yearly

advertisers.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—For County

offices, \$5 00; State, \$10 00.

Job-PRINTING, of all descriptions, neatly

executed.

POETRY.

For the East Tennessee Union Flag.]

CHARGE OF THE "FAIR

BRIGADE."

Some weeks ago, e'en now

There lives near Greenville city,

Maidens fair, and ladies rare,

Sweet, wise, and witty,

But they are thieves, th'oe ladies fair

As I'm prepared to prove.

And steal and plunder at their will

In the domains of love.

'Twas but a few brief weeks ago,

When Hawley and his staff

Rode through the town, and up and down,

With many a jovial laugh,

Nor dreamt that they, so brave and gay,

Would be compelled to yield

Their hearts so light, without a fight

Upon a bloody field.

But so it was, for robbers bold

Best them all about

With tender smiles and winsome wiles,

That put their wits to rout.

And while their wits were, 'gathering wool,'

And robbed them of their hearts.

A female Turpin, on Love's road—

A fair one with such eyes

One would have sworn when they were closed

The stars had left the skies—

Charged down upon the stainless few

Of Yankee Hawley, 'happy,

And stole the heart of him who wrote

Ben, Pitman's Phlogography.

Photo.

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

Lieut. George W. Douglass,

OF THE EIGHTH EAST TENNESSEE INFANTRY

THE RENOWNED UNION SCOUT AND

PILOT.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

MORGAN'S RETREAT FROM CUMBERLAND GAP.

On the 17th of September, 1862, Gen. Morgan,

having become convinced that further

effort to hold Cumberland Gap would be

fruitless, and in fact, result in the discom-

fort of his army, he resolved to commence the

dangerous alternative of evacuation in the face of a largely

superior force of the enemy. Our source of

supplies had already been cut off by harass-

ing bodies of Morgan's cavalry, and to have

lingered, would have been inevitable ruin.

Accordingly, when twilight set in, every

preparation was made and the army wagons

and ambulances commenced rolling out; then

followed the army in regular and excellent

order. Everything that could not be removed

conveniently, was destroyed by fire and other-

wise to prevent their falling into the hands

of the enemy. Among the many things de-

stroyed, were six fine pieces of artillery,

which it was impossible to transport over the

of daily occurrence, but no regular engage-

ment took place until we reached the town of

Proctor, Kentucky. At this point, the Regi-

ment of cavalry to which I belonged was or-

dered to charge the rebels through the place,

while another Regiment was ordered to pro-

ceed by a circuitous route to fall in on the

opposite side of the town, and cut off their

retreat, and to learn if possible the strength

of the enemy which were engaged in burn-

ing houses and mills, and committing other

degradations upon inoffensive Union citizens,

who had appealed to the commanding Gen-

eral for protection.

The night was very dark, and when we

reached a point within two miles of the town,

the commander of our Regiment ordered

twenty of us to the right to guard a narrow

street leading from the town to the woods in

a South-easterly direction. Having reached

the point designated, and placing out guards

in advance, we awaited the result. The la-

borious exercises of the past week, the hard-

ships and the sleepless nights we had all

spent, weighed heavily upon us all, and it

was with the greatest difficulty that the offi-

cers could keep the men awake. I was one

of the number that had lost so much sleep

as to find it almost impossible to keep my

eyes open—and finally did fall asleep in de-

spite of my efforts to the contrary. I had

sank down in the path with the bridle of my

faithful horse in my hand.

How long I had slept, I am unable to say.

The first thing presented to my confused

mind on awaking, was a reverse to our arms.

It was broad day light, and it seemed that

the street was crowded with fleeing soldiers,

stumbling over my body, puffing and blowing

in the most excited manner. It took but a

moment to discover the ragged gray uniforms

of the rebels, and to recognize them as

rebels. I presumed they thought me wound-

ed or dead; and did not stop to molest me—

I considered non-combativeness at that mo-

ment the better part of valor, and feigned

dead man. My strategy was attended with

complete success; and it was not long till I

saw the last straggling gray-back tottering

along in a "broken-down" condition, pur-

sued by a number of the invincible blue-

coats. As soon as my "own color" made

their appearance my resurrection took place,

and I joined in the pursuit with a zest, and

had the pleasure of taking the above named

superannated rebel by the coat collar, and

bringing him to a "stand still," while he ut-

tered most pitiful beseechings—"Please

don't kill me! I'll spare my life, and I'll do

anything on earth for you!" I ordered him

to hand up his side arms, which he did, and

then I took him to the rear, feeling that it

would in some degree palliate the awful mis-

deemeanor I had committed in going to sleep

while on duty. I knew that, unless some

good excuse was rendered, I would most as-

surely be made to suffer for my failure to

obey orders. But there was one consolation,

and that was, our forces were the victors, and

I knew all would finally come right. Had it

been otherwise, I should have expected to

fare roughly.

I soon joined my command, and found one

of my comrades leading my horse, which had

gotten away from me in the excitement of the

fray. When I reported at headquarters with

my prisoner, I was congratulated by my offi-

cers upon my success, and, to my surprise,

never a word was there mentioned, about my

going to sleep on post. So all passed off

agreeable.

The army rested for a few hours, and then,

about five o'clock, P. M., again resumed the

march. The night was very inclement, the

roads became almost impassable—the horses

sinking to their flanks in mud at almost ev-

professing great loyalty, for the express pur-

pose of having us captured. We had scarce-

ly proceeded three miles, when we were in-

formed by our videttes, who were some six

hundred yards ahead, that a large body of

the enemy was bearing down upon us. We

commenced a hasty retreat, but to our utter

dismay, we soon discovered a body of about

two hundred rebels in our rear. Here was a

dilemma, out of which we had to get by hard

fighting, if, indeed, we got out at all!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Letter from Middle Tennessee.

For the East Tennessee Union Flag.]

FRANKLIN, TENN.,

Oct., 28th, 1865.

CAPT. CRISHAM.

Dear Friend:—When we last met in

the little town of Gallatin, twenty-five

miles North-east of the "City of

Rocks," the tide of battle was running

high for freedom. Commanded by that

most noble patriot to whom each

and every loyal eye turned with pride

and joy. But alas, for the American

people! His life has passed like a

sunbeam from the mountain, and his

loss is universally mourned, as none

other since the days of Washington.

Then it was, too, that the great

champion of the Cumberland, was in-

itiating his remarkable work of genius

and pursuing the enemy of republican

liberty into the stronghold of Dalton,

behind the stern features of "Rocky

Face Resaca." Great the revolution

which has taken place since those dark

days of blood and carnage, the impetu-

osity with which the storm of in-